

KINGSTON
• • School Children's Service • •

1837



1901

IN MEMORY OF
Our late beloved Queen Victoria



The Programme will be as follows :—



- 1—A NATION'S HYMN.
Scripture and Prayer—REV. E. B. LANCELEY.
- 2—SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS (25, Sankey's.)
Address—MR. ELLIOTT.
- 3—DAYS AND MOMENTS QUICKLY FLYING (716, Congregational.)
Address—MR. MEEK
- 4—A FEW MORE YEARS SHALL ROLL (408, Congr'l.)
Address—DR. HERALD.
- 5—NEARER MY GOD TO THEE (320, Congr'l.)
Address—MR. MCINTYRE, K.C.
- 6—GOD SAVE THE KING.
(Two stanzas.)

THOS. LAMBERT,
Chairman Board of Education.

FEBRUARY 1st, 1901.

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A Nation's Hymn.

The Queen is dead—Long live the King.

O GOD our Father, Friend,
In our deep sorrow send
Thy peace to-day.
We mourn our Sovereign gone,
Beloved where'er hath shone
Our worldwide Empire on
The sun's bright ray.

She wrought her people good,
Around her throne hath stood
Men pure and strong,
Her womanhood we laud,
Her good, great deeds applaud
She hath acknowledged God
Through these years long.

We bless Thee for our Queen ;
Reign longest, best we've seen
In Britain's line.
Freedom her wings hath spread
Knowledge her blessings shed,
Truth, Justice, Progress led
Their march sublime.

Now, King of Kings, we pray,
That thy rich gifts may stay
With our new King.
May he great blessings bring,
Empire his praises ring,
And cause us 'er to sing
God save the King.

Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark ! 'tis the voice of angels
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on His gentle
breast.
There by His love o'ershaded, sweetly my
soul shall rest.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears ;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears !

Jesus, my heart's dear Refuge,
Jesus has died for me ;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er ;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

Days and Moments quickly Flying.

DAYS and moments quickly flying,
Blend the living with the dead ;
Soon will you and I be lying,
Each within his narrow bed.

Soon our souls to God Who gave them,
Will have sped their rapid flight ;
Able now by grace to save them,
Oh, that while we can we might !

Jesu, Infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mortal frame,
Teach, O teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came ;

Whence we came and whither wending ;
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit life unending,
Or the death of shame and woe.

Life passeth soon ; death draweth near ;
Keep us, good Lord, till Thou appear :
For Thee to live, in Thee to die,
With Thee to reign through eternity.

A Few More Years Shall Roll.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day ;
O ! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where sun's are not,
A far serener clime :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day :
O ! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day ;
O ! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day ;
O ! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day :

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day ;
O ! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

'Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day ;
O ! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

—5—

Nearer My God to Thee.

NEARER, my God, to Thee—
 Nearer to Thee,
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee—
 Nearer to Thee.

Though like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet, in my dreams, I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee—
 Nearer to Thee.

There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that Thou send'st to me
 In mercy given:
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee—
 Nearer to Thee.

Then with my waking thoughts,
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise,
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee—
 Nearer to Thee.

Or if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upwards I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee—
 Nearer to Thee.

—6—

God Save the King.

GOD save our gracious King,
 Long live our noble King,
 God save the King.
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the King.

Thy choicest gifts in store
 On him be pleased to pour,
 Long may he reign;
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
 To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the King.